H. R. FREEBORN, Gentlemen's Hosier, Glover, and Complete Outfitter,
TO ALL PARTS of the WORLD.—COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS, Cross St., and 2, VICTORIA ST. (late of the Arcade

Vol. III.—No. 105. MANCHESTER, Saturday, AUGUST 13th. Price One Penny.

THE BEST TEA IMPORTED AT
J. F. MART'S
Establishments,
OPPOSITE TOWN HALL, SALFORD
110, Borough Buildings, London Road;
AND
62, OLDHAM ROAD, MANCHESTER.
Congou .....2s. 2s. 4d. 2s. 6d.
Fine Pekoe-flavour, 2s. 8d.
Finest Imported, rich Pekoe-flavour, 3s. & 3s. 4d.
Choicest Gatherings—Rich full-flavoured Lapsong Souchong, 4s.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL AND REDUCTION IN PRICES.
THE WHEELER AND WILSON SEWING MACHINE COMPANY
have removed from
22, OLDHAM-STREET,
to those Central and Commodious Premises,
131, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER,
where the Public are respectfully requested to call and inspect their new
"SILENT-WORKING" SEWING MACHINES.
In announcing a Great Reduction in Prices, the Company refer with gratification to past achievements. Twenty years devotion to perfecting the Sewing Machine and adapting it to social wants now enable them to produce machines at such a price as to bring them within the reach of all classes; and they are confident of still further meriting an increase in Public Favour, already so fully accorded, as is proved by the regularly increasing sales, now upwards of 80,000 machines per annum; and they beg to assure the Public at all times of the best that Mechanical Skill and Genius can produce.
Reduced Price Lists Gratis and Post Free.
☞ Easy terms of payment arranged when not convenient to pay full amount.
131, MARKET STREET.
Sole and exclusive Depot for MANCHESTER.

IMPORTANT NOTICE. REDUCTION IN PRICES!
CARPETS.—The Choicest and Newest Designs at SENIOR AND HOLFORD'S (late M'Naul's)
CITY CARPET AND FLOOR-CLOTH WAREHOUSE,
66, KING STREET, MANCHESTER.
EXCELLENT BRUSSELS, from 2s. 6d. PER YARD.
HARE'S (of Bristol) BEST FLOOR CLOTHS, from 2s. per Square Yard.
KAMPTULICON, CORIUM, AND LINOLEUM FLOOR-CLOTHS, at equally moderate prices.
HOTELS, CLUBS, AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS Supplied on very advantageous terms.
ESTIMATES GIVEN ON APPLICATION.

VIN ORDINAIRE,
11s. PER DOZEN.
We still continue to supply pure, sound Bordeaux at this price. The demand, which steadily increases, shows that the wine is daily more appreciated.
Of the finer wines of Bordeaux, including Chateaux Lafite, Latour, Margaux, Mouton, La Rose, La Grange, &c., we hold a very large stock in bottle, which we offer at
16s., 22s., 26s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 54s., 60s., 66s., 80s., 90s., and 96s. per Dozen.
James Smith & Company,
WINE MERCHANTS,
26, Market Street,
MANCHESTER.
LIVERPOOL: 11, LORD STREET.
BIRMINGHAM: 28, HIGH STREET.

CUFF'S "THOMPSTONE'S"
SODA WATER,
SELTZER WATER,
POTASS WATER,
LEMONADE, &c.
JAMES HENRY CUFF, (late S. Thompstone),
SOLE MANUFACTURER,
ATKINSON STREET, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.
Sold by most Retailers of standing everywhere.
Ask particularly for CUFF'S "THOMPSTONE'S."

EVERY NOVELTY IN GENTLEMEN'S MADE-UP SCARVES AND CRAVATS.
E. W. CHADWICK,
HOSIER, GLOVER, AND SHIRT MAKER,
262, DEANSGATE,
Corner of St. John Street.

CARPETS.
REDUCTION IN PRICES.
KENDAL, MILNE, & CO., announce an Important Reduction in the Prices of the Best BRUSSELS CARPETS.
GOOD BRUSSELS, 3s. 9d. per Yard.
REAL AXMINSTERS, 6s. 6d. per Yard.
CABINET FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS.
DEANSGATE, POLICE-ST., AND ST. ANN'S-ST.

MANCHESTER REMNANT WAREHOUSE, 2, HIGH STREET, three doors from Market Street.—Arrival of New TEXTILE FABRIC REMNANTS, consisting of Chenes, Challis, Granites, Figured Lenos, Camlets, Reps, Piques Merinoes, Llama, Printed Alpacas, Silks, Muslins, Prints, Calicoes, Patchwork, &c.
A saving of thirty per cent on every Purchase.
TRADE SUPPLIED. PRICE LISTS SENT.

T. SKINNER, Opposite Queen's Hotel, Piccadilly. } PERAMBULATORS The best constructed, most durable, and cheapest in the city.

T. SKINNER, Opposite Queen's Hotel, Piccadilly. } BATH CHAIRS for SALE or HIRE. The Trade Supplied.

CHARLESWORTH'S DAY HOTEL and RESTAURANT, 35, CANNON STREET.
New Dining, Smoking, and Chess Rooms. Parcel office, Lavatories, &c.
One minute's walk from the Exchange. Increased accommodation. The most complete and best appointed Restaurant in Manchester.

HYDE & SHELDRICK, TAILORS AND WOOLLEN DRAPERS, 72, Oldham St., Manchester.

YEAST, YEAST, YEAST.

USE THE PURE ENGLISH.

Because it is dry, portable, and keeps longer than any other.

Because it is home-made and unadulterated, whilst much of the foreign, by Dr. Muspratt's analysis, often contains from 16 to 17 per cent of unfermentable matter.

Because it makes the sweetest, lightest, and most wholesome bread.

Because it is cheaper in price and superior in quality

Because it is delivered fresh and sweet from the works daily.

Because a supply can always be relied on, at moderate prices, throughout the year.

Sold by all respectable bakers, flour dealers, &c

Wholesale by the ENGLISH YEAST COMPANY LIMITED, 7, Edmund Street, Liverpool.

PUBLISHING ARRANGEMENTS—IMPORTANT TO AUTHORS.

MOFFAT AND COMPANY, State Publishers and Agents for the Dublin Steam Printing Co., beg to announce that they have resolved to CHARGE NO COMMISSION for PUBLISHING WORKS PRINTED BY THEM until the Author has been refunded his original outlay.

They would also state that THEY PRINT IN THE FIRST STYLE, GREATLY UNDER THE USUAL CHARGES.

Their Publishing Arrangements will enable them to promote the interest of all Works committed to their charge, as they have very considerable experience of the channels most likely to ensure success.

Estimates and all particulars furnished in course of post.

"Those about to Publish" may rely on finding Economy and Despatch in all Departments.

MOFFAT AND CO.'S BOOK LIST sent free on application to

PUBLISHING OFFICES:

6, D'OLIER STREET, DUBLIN:

34, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

WORKS BY ALEXANDER VANCE.

THE HISTORY AND PLEASANT CHRONICLES OF LITTLE JEHAN	3s 6d
VOX CLAMANTIS	7s 6d
THE BOOK OF THE KNIGHT OF TOWER	1s 6d
ROMANTIC EPISODES	6s 0d
HELLENICA SACRA	15s 0d

(The Introductory Chapter may be had separately. 6d.)

MOFFAT AND COMPANY, LONDON AND DUBLIN.

Price One Penny Monthly, Registered for Transmission Abroad.

THE CHURCH RECORD. Edited by the REV. THOMAS SCOTT, M.A.

MOFFAT AND COMPANY, LONDON AND DUBLIN.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR, for improving and beautifying the complexion, and rendering the skin soft, clear, and blooming. This royally patronised and ladies' esteemed specific exorts the most soothing, cooling, and purifying action on the skin, and eradicates freckles tan, pimples, spots, discolouration, and other cutaneous visitations. Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle. Sold by chemists and perfumers. Ask for "Rowlands' Kalydor;" and beware of spurious and pernicious articles under the name of "Kalydor."

ASSAM PACKET TEAS. The Purest, Strongest, and Finest Flavoured TEAS imported. For wholesale price list and terms of agency, apply to the Assam Tea Company, 145, Upper Thames-street, London, E.C.—Established 1844

SHAW, ASHTON & THORP,

GENERAL

BILL POSTERS

(Members of the United Kingdom Bill Posters' Association),

3, HAMILTON PLACE,

WINDMILL STREET, LOWER MOSLEY STREET,

MANCHESTER.

Private Stations in all Thoroughfares.

LYONS' INKS.

Prize Medal, Paris, 1867;

Honourable Mention, London, 1862.

LYONS' Blue-back Writing and Copying INKS.

LYONS' Red, Blue, and Black INKS.

Also Extra Strong Copying INKS, to give Six Copies

Sold by all Stationers.—Depot, Fennel-st., Manchester

WROUGHT-IRON TUBES AND FITTINGS for Gas o Steam Engine, and Plumbers' Lift and Force Pumps; Cast-iron Valves, Taps, Safety and Sluice Valves, Steam Traps, Stocks, Dies, and Taps; Improved Whistles or Gongs for Works; and every description of Copper Work and Boiler Mountings. Price on application.—ISAAC STOREY and SONS, Brass and Copper Works, 24, Deansgate, and Little Peter Street, Manchester.

LIFE POLICY HOLDERS protected against loss by the investment of the whole of their Net Premiums in Government securities deposited in the Bank of England.

The full amount of the surrender value of the Policy may also be obtained on demand, each Policy being convertible into gold for the temporary use of the Policy-holder if required. These Policies cannot lapse or be forfeited.

This perfect and equitable plan of Life Assurance was originally prepared by Dr. William Farr, F.R.S., &c., General Register Office, Somerset House, and submitted to Her Majesty's Government, who adopted the principle (with some modification) through the medium of the Post Office.

The basis of all just and safe Life Insurance transactions is a true Life Table. In calculating the Premiums the English Life Tables published under the authority of the Registrar-General for England are employed.

Trustees of the Policy Holders' Life Funds:

Christopher Weguelin, Esq., Director of the Bank of England, London.

Charles Oppenheim, Esq., Director of the Union Bank, London.

Augustus F. Bayford, Esq., LL.D., Court of Probate Doctors' Commons; Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester.

William G. Goodliffe, Esq., Accountant-General, India Office, Westminster, London.

The system fully explained and a prospectus supplied on application at the Head Office or any of the Branches of the BRITISH IMPERIAL INSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.

HEAD OFFICES:

BROWN STREET and MARSDEN STREET,

MANCHESTER.

THE MOST EFFECTUAL PREPARATION for destroying Cockroaches, Beetles, and Crickets, is HUGHES'S TROPICAL BEETLE POWDER. Sold by all Chemists in 3d., 6d., and 1s. packets, and at the Proprietor's, E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, Victoria and Cateaton Streets, Manchester.

White and Sound Teeth.

ESTABLISHED

BY MORE THAN

Thirty Years' Experience

And Numerous Testimonials,

AS THE BEST, SAFEST,

AND MOST

Effectual Dentifrice extant.

OBSERVE. TRADE MARK J.B. Hawley Green

ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE

FOR

CLEANSING BEAUTIFYING

AND PRESERVING THE TEETH & GUMS

PREPARED BY

JEWSBURY & BROWN.

Chemists

113, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

Sold Universally by Perfumers, Chemists, &c.,

At 1/6 and 2/6 per Pot.

TO ENSURE THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE PREPARATION,

PARTICULARLY OBSERVE

The Trade Mark and Signature

OF THE PROPRIETORS.

Jewsbury & Brown

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.

THE STOMACH is the great supplier of all the wants of our system. Its object is to repair the wear and tear of life. If disordered, its function ceases, which is followed by *Indigestion, Headache, Lowness of Spirits, Melancholy*, and, in some cases, *Insanity*.

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS

are the best possible Medicine for all the disorders of this organ. They cleanse it, whilst, by their tonic power, they give it new vigour.

Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines, at

1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s 6d.

Wholesale Depot, 22, Broad Street, London.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.—Amsterdam Exhibition, 1869. First Prize being above the Gold Medal. Supplied to the British, French, Prussian, Russian, Italian, Dutch, and other Governments. Dr Lankester writes regarding Extract of Meat —"But there is a difference in flavour, and here, as in all other kinds of fo d, it is the flavour that makes the quality." It is essentially on account of the fine meaty flavour, as distinguished from the burnt taste of other Extracts, that LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT defeated all Australian and other sorts at Paris, Havre, and Amsterdam, and is so universally preferred in all European markets.

One pint of fine-flavoured Beef-tea at 2½d. Most convenient and economic "stock."

CAUTION.—Require Baron Liebig's, the inventor's signature on every jar, and ask distinctly for LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT.

WAVERLEY PEN

Ninety-nine London, besides four hundred and twenty Provincial Newspapers, have strongly recommended the WAVERLEY, OWL, and PICKWICK PENS to their readers.

Standard.—"A treasure in the hands of rapid writers."

Engineer.—"They embody an improvement of great value."

Sold everywhere, 6d. and 1s. per Box. 1s. 2d. by post.

MACNIVEN & CAMERON,

23 to 33, BLAIR STREET, EDINBURGH

(Established 1770).

London Agents: MILLINGTON & HUTTON.

GIBSON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE,

Containing the Price of every article of Furnishing, post free. A House Completely Furnished in Three Days. The Cheapest House in Manchester to Furnish a House.

90, 92, 94, 96, STRETFORD ROAD, & 78, OLDHAM STREET.

GIBSON'S — 23 GUINEA DRAWING ROOM SUITES

Of Settees, Two Easy Chairs, and Six Small Chairs, upholstered in Rich Rep; Rich Oval Centre Table, Chiffonier, with plate-glass back and doors and marble slab; Work Table and 50 by 40 Chimney Glass. All for 23 Guineas.

GIBSON'S — 26 GUINEA DINING ROOM SUITES

Of Couch, Easy Chair, and Six Small Chairs, in fine Mahogany, and upholstered in Real Leather; Dining Table, with screw, two leaves extending; Noble Sideboard, 6ft. wide, with all convenience. The whole for 26 Guineas, complete.

GIBSON'S — 7 GUINEA LOBBY FURNITURE

Consists of Noble Hat Stand, with marble slab, mirror, and Two Hall Chairs to match; Well-seasoned Floor Cloth, say eight yards by 3 feet 9 inches; Two Skin Mats and Cocoa Mat. All complete for Seven Guineas.

GIBSON'S — 6 GUINEA KITCHEN FURNITURE

Consists of 6-feet Dresser, with Cupboard, Drawers, Kitchen Table, Four Chairs, and Arm Chair; Floor Cloth to fit. The whole for Six Guineas.

GIBSON'S — 3 GUINEA STAIR FURNITURE

Including twelve yards of Tapestry Brussels, Stair Rods and Eyes, and Landing Carpet, and Three Mats. Complete for Three Guineas.

GIBSON'S — 33 GUINEA BEST BED ROOM

Consists of Noble Circular Mahogany Tudor Bedstead, Marble Slab Stands, with glass affixed; Mahogany Chest of Drawers, Four Mahogany Chairs, Towel Rail, Kidderminster Carpet, all wool, say twenty yards; Spring Mattress, Wool Mattress, Feather Bolster, Two Pillows, One Pair of Blankets, Quilt, and Pair of Sheets. The whole for 33 Guineas.

GIBSON'S — 24 GUINEA SECOND BED ROOM

Consists of Handsome Half-tester Iron Bedstead, with brass foot rail; Set of Maple-painted Stands, enclosed, with glass affixed; Noble Painted Wardrobe, 6 feet 6 inches wide, with two wings, drawers, and trays complete; Four Chairs, Towel Rail, Carpet, say twelve yards, Kidderminster; Palliasse, wool; Millpuff Bed, full size; Wool Bolster, and Two Feather Pillows, One Pair of Cloth Blankets, Two White Quilts, and Pair of Sheets. All complete for 24 Guineas.

GIBSON'S — 11 GUINEA THIRD BED ROOM

Consists of Iron French Bedstead, full size, richly ornamented; Pair of French Stands, japanned, maple, or any colour; Glass, Towel Rail, Three Chairs, Carpet, say twelve yards of Kidderminster; Palliasse, Wool Bed, Bolster, and Pillows, Blankets, Sheets, and Quilt. All for 11 Guineas.

GIBSON'S — 5 GUINEA SERVANTS' BED ROOM

Iron Bedstead for two servants, Mattress, Bed, Bolster, and Pillows, Dressing Chest, Washstand, Glass, Two Chairs, three yards of Carpet, Pair of Blankets, Sheets, and Quilt. All complete for Five Guineas.

R. H. GIBSON, COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHER,

90, 92, 94, 96, STRETFORD ROAD, AND 78, OLDHAM STREET.

HAMPSON'S Copyright PERFUMES, Piccadilly Bouquet, the Portland bouquet, Hampson's Perennial Essence, Chemist, 63, Piccadilly.

22, OLDHAM STREET, 22.

ORIGINAL

"HOWE"

SEWING

MACHINES.

MACHINES RENTED.

MACHINES EXCHANGED.

MACHINES REPAIRED.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

MACHINES SOLD BY Instalments.

SHIPPERS AND Manufacturers SUPPLIED.

22, OLDHAM STREET, 22.

G. R. ALLISON, General Manchester Warehouse) Families Supplied. Any length cut from the Piece at Wholesale Prices. (54 and 54a. HIGH STREET, and 13, CHURCH STREET.

CHURRUCA T. R. WITHEROW, Importer of Cigars, Manchester. Agent for this splendid Cigar. Samples, 4½d. and 6d. each.

[LIVING MEN OF LETTERS.]

MR. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

LET us start with an opinion, fearlessly expressed as it is earnestly felt, that the existence of this writer is an event to be deplored, and the fact that he is able to assume that he is a Man of Letters who has been of service to his country, and that he has received from the hands of a Prime Minister, himself a Man of Letters, the reward of £100 a year pension for literary services, is a disgrace to this bewildered and Philistine nation.

Mean as is the sum of £1,200 a year which is set aside for the reward of those noble soldiers in Literature and Art who lead the van, who write for the people, who instruct the people, and help all they can with fine-hearted thoughts and words of a pure savour, it is made yet smaller by placing upon it persons who absorb a very large portion of it. Thus Lady Phipps, the wife of a Queen's servant, who saved her Majesty hundreds of thousands, takes away a fourth; Lady Mayne, the widow of a well-paid police-officer, takes away an eighth; the widow of a highly paid President of the Royal Academy, herself earning much money, pockets a fourth; a writer of highwaymen's romances a twelfth, and so on. If you have speculated and built an exhibition, then your widow may be rewarded by this Literary Civil List. If the Queen has no other way to reward her servants, you will be put upon this list. It is really time that the English people should speak their mind as to their public servants, the authors. They stand in the stead of the prophets of old; they form the minds of the young; they set the bias of the mind towards virtue or vice, towards unholy greed, a cold lust of selfish gain, or a generous and manly life of duty, honesty, forbearance, and holiness.

Now, Mr. Harrison Ainsworth has not done the latter. He is, perhaps, not so much to be blamed, poor man, being a person of small attainments and not a very strong intellect, as the times in which he was born. In that yesty and lively age, in which the results of a long war, deeds of violence at sea and on land, the presagang, cheating lawyers, bad laws, a debauched king and court, a "frowsy old Floribel," had produced among the people a taste for such literature as the *Memoirs of Harriet Wilson*, accompanied by books less vicious only in degree, not quite as bad in intention, such as *Tom and Jerry*, *The Corinthian Club*, and the like. In that very lively age people required a literature that teemed with adventure and had "go" in it. Mr. Combe, in his *Doctor Syntax*, feels this, and leads his hero into innumerable scrapes, and makes him describe each scene from the playhouse to the graveyard. To judge from his lines matters were not much better then than they are now in the former. When he has seen a play Syntax exclaims :—

'Twas Shakspere's—but in masquerade :
I've seen a farce, I scarce know what,
'Twas only fit to be forgot.
I've seen a critic and I've heard
The string of nonsense he preferred.
Heaven bless me! where has Learning fled?
Where has she hid her sacred head?
Oh! how degraded has she grown,
To spawn such boobies on the town!

The booby, John Leland, by the way, was wisely pensioned by the minister, on express condition that he would not write any more corrupting romances. Mr. Ainsworth has apparently received his money under other conditions—

Qualis ab incepto processerat
Et sibi constet.

He began by writing Highwaymen romances, and he has just this very month, August, 1870, concluded a story of *Claude Duval, a tale of the Days of Charles the Second*, in that widely circulated journal *Bow Bells*. Let us add that he writes evidently with more decency and less open applause of robbery and brutality for one penny, than he did when one paid half-a-crown for his rubbish. His Claude Duval is not the Knight of the Road after all. The highwayman's name is merely taken as a "draw" by the vulgar novelist. He knows that little thieves and incipient burglars will be taken in by the name. He knows that in the purlieus of the New Cut, in the wynds of Glasgow, in the slums of Manchester and Birmingham, the name of Claude Duval is a name of might. He therefore takes it, but he wishes to be virtuous as well; he is as modest as a lady of a certain fame and occupation is at a christening—a great deal more modest than virtue itself. Claude Duval shot by the Duke of Buckingham!—(Ha, ha! what says Dame History to *that?*)—in single combat in Windsor Park! is attended in his duello by a female page dressed as a man, "with a wild shriek that betrayed her sex"—oh, you foolish old copyist, are not the discarded women pages of Sir Philip Sidney and of Shakspere yet done with?—and mortally wounded, but has yet life enough left him to ride and plunge into a morass. Sabine, his she-page, leads him thither.

"Not there," rejoined Duval. "Your father's spirit pointed towards the lake. Take me thither—to the morass—you understand."

She divined his terrible purpose, but did not attempt to oppose it. She led him down the long sweeping glade, along which they flitted like phantoms. She guided him, swiftly and unerringly, through the thick woods encircling the lake, and brought him to the borders of the morass.

"Now leave me. Farewell for ever!" he cried.

And with a last effort, he forced his horse into the fatal swamp. Sabine remained looking on in a state of stupefaction. When all was over, she prepared to follow.

"Leave you! Never!" she exclaimed. I am yours in *life* as in *death!*" *(sic.)*

And she plunged in after him. The morass *willingly* (!) offered them a grave in its oozy depths, and kept their secret well.

A miserable pretender afterwards appeared as Claude Duval. With him we have nothing to do. He was very deservedly hanged.

Now this is mean in the extreme. Here is this old and accomplished author, who has drawn his brilliant existence, as the sun draws exhalations from a swamp, from the *Newgate Calendar;* who has sent so many boys to prison that Government has forbidden his plays to be acted with one hand and has pensioned him with the other; and yet, in his old age, he deserts the highwaymen, and only *in the last paragraph but one* of his book, lets out the secret that the true Duval is "a miserable pretender," and was very deservedly hanged. Mean, very mean: Ainsworth is in fact the pretender himself.

Thirty years ago, a portly red-faced gentleman might have been seen on the Harrow Road, humming the tune of the most popular song of the day—his own "Jolly Nose." There was a good-natured joviality about the gentleman, a genial disposition to feed well, sleep well, and take care of himself. He had been a lucky, and, he thought himself, a meritorious man—not at all an unusual matter. He was born in 1805, and is therefore of the mature age of Lord Lytton, another hero of thieves' literature. His father was a Manchester solicitor; but his son, who was brought up to the same profession, became, "through the allurements of literature," says that "high falutin'" biographer. Mr. Cordy Jeafferson, "a careless student of the law, and ere

the conclusion of his twenty-first year he presented the world (!) with his first work of fiction, *Sir John Chiverton*."

Mr. Jeafferson here makes out a great case for his friend, whom he does not seem to care much about, as he dismisses him in a few lines; but the statement that he was "intended for the law," and that he was a student, though a careless student, of that blessed institution stands him in stead. From law to a defence of crime, indeed to looking upon crime as a jovial and necessary (for the lawyers) sort of occupation, is but a step. From *Sir John Chiverton* to *Ovingdean Grange*, and this about Claude Duval, Ainsworth has written some twenty-six books or romances, and taking these at three volumes each, is author of nearly one hundred volumes of—rubbish. Early in his life, the success of Dickens gave him a good opening as playing second to that author. When Dickens resigned his management of *Bentley's Miscellany*, having written therein a thieves' story, but very differently treated, by the way, and quite moral in its tenor and its results, its real abhorrence *of* not admiration *for* crime, Dickens wrote a preface to the volume containing the comic and dignified similitude of the old and new coachmen. It suited literary men to be looked upon as "jarvies," or whips, and to consider Bentley as a coach. The new whip, having mounted the box, drove straight to Newgate. He there took in Jack Sheppard and Cruikshank the artist, and aided by that very vulgar but wonderful draughtsman, he made an efficient story of the burglar or housebreaker's life. He might have done this and kept to the truth, or have pointed a moral. He did neither. He gave Jack a kind of apotheosis; he made all his villains on the side of the law, and all his rogues and slatternly strumpets, washings of the kennel and gatherings from the stews, whom he termed fair and charming women, law-breakers, but to be admired by the reader!

Bad as this bald piece of writing was, the success of Cruikshank's capital etchings, some of them equal to anything that Callot ever did, except in grace (we allude to the crowds in the space of a thumb-nail in the hanging procession), was enormous, and Mr. Ainsworth, who had been a publisher at one part of his busy life, next set up *Ainsworth's Magazine*, and in it wrote certain stilted nonsense—*The Tower of London*, *Old St Paul's*, *The Miser's Daughter*, and so forth. Of these not one could hold the public without its illustrations. Some of Cruikshank's best work went to these rubbishy books, which are now bought at large prices *for the engravings*.

Previous to this the poor scribe, whose historical novels were a mere list of the frippery of the wardrobe, had written another thieves' romance out of a penny chapbook, of which he has such a great idea that he has given the public the most touching scene to weep over. It is the death of Dick's mare, "Black Bess."

> "Dick's eyes were blinded as with rain. His triumph, though achieved, was forgotten; his own safety disregarded. He stood weeping and swearing like one beside himself.
>
> "'And art thou gone, Bess?' cried he, in a voice of agony, lifting up his courser's head, and kissing her lips, covered with bloodflecked foam. 'Gone, gone! and I have killed the best steed that I ever crossed! And for what?' added he, beating his brow with his clenched hand—'for what? for what?'"

The illustrious author himself has told us how he felt when he wrote that celebrated passage. The feelings of Gibbon at Lausanne, after having written the last line of his *magnum opus*, were small compared with those of Ainsworth. After informing the public on the important point where he "achieved" this—at the Elms at Kilburn—he continues:—"Well do I remember the fever into which I was thrown during the time of composition. My pen literally *scoured* over the pages. So thoroughly did I identify myself with the flying highwayman, that once started I found it impossible to halt. Animated by kindred enthusiasm, I cleared every object in my path with as much facility as Turpin disposed of the impediments that beset his flight. In his company I mounted the hill-side, dashed through the bustling village, swept over the desolate heath, threaded the silent street, plunged into the eddying stream, and kept an onward course—without pause, without hindrance, without fatigue. With him *I shouted, sang, laughed, exulted, wept;* nor did I retire to rest till, in imagination, I heard the bell of York Minster toll forth the knell of poor Black Bess."

Knell of poor Black Bess! who never existed, which was never ridden to York, save in the brain of some half-starved author of a penny chapbook! And if this author had the common sense to have followed Fielding, he might, if he chose, have falsified history without making vice alluring. But such is the perverse blindness of such genius as inspires Bulwer and Ainsworth that they represent the lazy loafer who took to the road, in fear and trembling, when he could no longer live on the wages of sin his poor female companion brought him, as a puissant knight errant; and the mercers, travellers, and bagmen as so many cowards, who trembled at the sight of them. The truth is these same "cits" sometimes frightened the highwaymen with a brass candlestick. One old beau stuck a fellow by the head on the spikes of his coach, and dragged the dirty hector into London, and cleared Hounslow Heath by terror of this deed for months. Once women took a highwayman prisoner, and the scoundrelly "Knights of the Road" always fled before any men equally well armed. So much for their valour!

Nor can we too often refute the foolish old saw of there being honour amongst thieves. King being arrested, and crying out for help, Turpin deliberately shot his friend so that he could not "peach" (give information against him). "Dick," cried King, thinking that the shot was meant for the officer, "you have killed me." Nevertheless, he lived for a week, and long enough to peach about his friend's hiding-place at Hackney Marsh. Turpin then, to use the expression of this historian, "removed into Yorkshire," where he supported himself by a cunning mixture of horse stealing and horse dealing. Taken at last under his assumed name of John Palmer, found out by a returned letter, of which he had not paid the postage, he was tried, condemned, and executed. Finally, as they dress this hero on the stage, he was so shabbily dressed—no sticking-plaster boots, silver-hilted swords, gold-laced hats, or velvet coats—that he bought "a new pair of pumps and a fustian frock to wear at the time of his death." He left a ring and some other articles to a "married woman," not his wife, with whom he had been cohabiting. He trembled and turned white when he came to the ladder, stamped his foot with some bravado, mounted the ladder, and there conversed with the executioner for half an hour before he threw himself off.

> Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,
> And often took leave, but seemed loath to depart.

We find we have made the trifling omission of a murder and a round dozen of brutalities in this short sketch, but trifles are of little moment in the life of a hero. "It is needless to add that the story of the ride to York," says a Newgate historian, with some contempt, "and of the wondrous deeds of the highwayman's steed, Black Bess, are like many other tales of this fellow (!), the fabrication of *some poetical brain!*"

When these glittering productions were dramatized, so many young boys imitated the tinsel heroes of the stage that the authorities wisely forbade their representation. Mrs. Keeley for some time acted Jack Sheppard, and respectable women were found foolish enough to bedizen themselves in mob caps, and represent the "historical personages" of the trulls and strumpets whom Ainsworth created as the queens of the burglar's seraglio.

Well, after thirty years or so, we have seen the result. The crop of penny highwaymen books is perennial. Jack Sheppards, spelt a little different for copyright considerations, Blueskins, Turpins, Claude Duvals rise like foul fungi from the cheap press, and shed their poison, and die down to appear again. Copies have been taken in boys' boxes which in the aggregate amount to thousands; chaplains of prisons have in charges innumerable traced the perversion of these poor boys to thieves' literature. Mr. Ainsworth and Lord Lytton have corrupted our boys by the hundred-fold. One has a peerage, the other a pension, for his services! We are rewarded for buying, they for writing this trash.

Mr. Ainsworth is, we believe, as Lord Lytton is, we know, a wealthy man through this literature; but if every farthing each has received from his books, pension and all, were a hundred pound note, and employed in building reformatories for boy thieves, the unhappy man could not undo the evil his low taste, vulgar admiration, and his fatal itch of writing to pander to the savage instincts of the thief and robber, has caused and will yet cause in years to come.

BAKEWELL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—Your article last week on the Bakewell Valley expresses some astonishment that tourists from this district, which is now by the rapid Midland line within such easy distance of Bakewell, do not make that town their head-quarters more generally than they do at present. The same thing struck me during the spring of this year, and, on making enquiry in the town itself, was told that the great man of the Great Man of the neighbourhood did his best to discourage visitors to Bakewell, as they interfered with the quiet of the place, and disturbed the family of the great man of the Great Man when they walked abroad the many poor to see. On this account the commodious hotel is, I understand, made purposely repellent to visitors, who are but scurvily treated always and who, instead of meeting, as they might expect in such a valley, with a wholesome, cleanly hospitable inn, find themselves consigned to dingy apartments, surpervised by dingy women, and with a great deal more table-cloth than victuals to the fore at dinner time. This inn has, however, a monopoly in the fact that tickets for fishing the river are there obtained, and that they cannot be obtained, save at an augmented charge by any one not using this head hotel. The landlord, therefore, does not care one miller's dam or coffer dam for the public, because he gets the hotel at a merely nominal rent, so that he may not put out tempting hospitable baits to catch guests which would be disagreeable to the family of the Great Man's great man.

Time was when it was the pride of a nobleman to have a good, substantial, warm-embracing inn upon his property, but his Grace of Rutland is apparently an exception to this rule. Yet both at Rowsley and Baslow the inns are so good that one is confirmed in the idea that the Great Man's great man is the stumbling-block at Bakewell. I can only say, with Bishop Heber, that "in vain with lavish kindness the gifts of God are strewn" during the day, when you have to be consigned at nightfall to the society of male and female curmudgeons or gudgeons. A friend of mine had, a year or two ago, to subsist at that hotel on pork chops for three days together, until at length the pork had so, like iron, entered his soul, that he became as savage as a wild boar, and so violent that Elspeth and Dingwell, who have charge of the hotel, were obliged to own that they had been killing a pig and desired to utilize the fratricide as much as possible.

All I can say is, that it is a pity a large hotel should be rendered affirmatively distasteful to tourists, when a really clever and accommodating landlord might do so much, not merely for his visitors, but for his townsmen. There is, however, near the bridge, a quiet, unpretending little hostelry, the name of which I forget, where at least you get a welcome and an endeavour to please you, and where a light-blue mould of filleness, indifference, and general family vaultiness is not dreaming over all.—Yours truly,

B. G. J.

SANCHO'S WALLET.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

A BIT OF MOORLAND GOSSIP.

Then I axed him what uncuths (strange things) he yerd stirrin'. "I yer noan," said he, "but 'at Jack o' Ned's towd me 'at Sam o' Jack's o' Yed's Marler has wed Mall o' Nan's o' Sall's o' Peg's, 'at gwos about a-beggin' churnmilk, with a pitcher with a lid on."—TIM BOBBIN.

SCENE.—*A lonely farm-house, near the top of Whittle Pike, in Lancashire.*

TIME.—*A Winter forenoon, just before the marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark.*

PERSONS.—*Adam o' Rapper's, the old farmer, and his wife Nanny; and a friend, Joe, who is on a visit, from a neighbouring town.*

ADAM.—Come, owd lad, poo up to th' fire.

NANNY.—Ay, poo up, an' may (make) thisel' comfortable. I'll put th' dur to.

JOE.—Han yo ony 'bacco, Adam?

ADAM.—Plenty; here, pipe up!

JOE.—I'll just have a bit of a reech (reek, smoke).

ADAM.—Well, Joe, is there aught uncuth agate (going on) i'th world?

JOE.—There's some talk about th' Prince o' Wales gettin' wed.

ADAM.—Oh, aye; is he getten wed?

JOE.—Nawe, not yet, but they say'n he's courtin' terrible strong.

NANNY.—Aye, aye! Prince o' Wales, eh? Let's see; who's lad is he?

ADAM.—He's one o'th Queen's childer, to be sure—th' owd'st lad.

NANNY.—Never, sure! The Queen, eh? Why, then, his mother lives i' Lunnon, I guess.

ADAM.—Sure, hoo does. But then, hoo has another house beside—somewheer out i'th country.

NANNY.—Moor reawm for th' childer, I guess.

ADAM.—Ay,—an' then, hoo'll want to be quiet now 'at th' owd chap's gone. Hoo's never looked up sin' he dee'd.

NANNY.—I dar say, poor body! Lord bless us o'! * * Well, well; so this is th' owd'st lad, eh? I'll tell yo what, he'll be th' nestle-cock a-whoam, I'll a-warnd yo! An' who is he after, say'n they?

JOE.—One o' th' king o' Denmark lasses.

NANNY.—Never, sure! Well, well! * * Is he middlin' stiddy (steady), thinken yo!

JOE.—Oh, he's a farrently sort of a lad, bi what I yer. But then, he's had a good bringin'-up, for one thing. His feyther an' mother wur very daycent folk, an' they wouldn't encourage nought but were reet, an' straight, an' square. I believe his feyther wur as quiet a chap as ever stepped shoe-leather. He're terribly gan to books, an' sich like; and then, I'm towd that he wur a musicianer, too, beside.

ADAM.—Th' little fiddle, I guess?

JOE.—Well, I cannot justly tell whether it wur th' little fiddle or th' bazzoon,—but, it wur th' tone (the one) on 'em.

ADAM.—Does this lad tak after him, i' that line, thinks to?

JOE.—Well, I don't know that he's mich gan to music. But he's a sharp lad, an' a good hearted lad; an' I underston' that he's bin to very good schoo's—an' he's likely to turn out weel, i'th end. I dar say he may be a bit wild, now an' then, same as lads are, but—

NANNY.—Well, well; what, lads wi'n be lads! Lord bless us! What, it's a good mon's case? as th' sayin' is,—it's a good mon's case! I connot say that I'm partial to these slow-motion't creepin' quietly-sides! They're noather good for king nor country.

JOE.—They say'n his mother's very fond on him.

NANNY.—I'll be bund hoo is, poor body! God bless her—hoo's *so* like—sure hoo is—hoo's so like!

JOE.—I think he'll come to in a bit.

NANNY.—Sure he will! What the farrups! Yo'n see, he'll sattle down when he's bin wed a while, an' gets a rook (number) o' childer round him, yammerin' for their dinners. But who is it that he's after, say'n yo?

JOE.—He's puttin' up at one o' th' King o' Denmark lasses.

NANNY.—Aye, aye! Well, I declare! I'll tell yo what; I hope hoo isn't one o' these flauntin', furbelowed, fither't snickets that knows nought how to keep a house an' a family comfortable.

JOE.—Nay, they say'n hoo's both a very bonny lass, an' a managin' lass, too.

NANNY.—I'm fain to yer it! Hoo'll be a blessin' to him, if he'll tak care! By the good Katty, these mincin', mee-mawin' crayters, that are o' ribbins an' gloves, an' fal-der-dal top-knots, an' known nought about house-wark,—God help 'em,—they're noan to depend on, when it comes to a pinch.

JOE.—Not a bit, Nanny; not a bit!

NANNY.—Are they for livin' wi' th' owd woman, thinken yo?

JOE.—Nay; I think they're be for havin' a house o' their own.

NANNY.—Well, an' it's better so, if they'n aught to put into it.

JOE.—Oh, they're reet enough for that.

ADAM.—Denmark—Denmark? Let's see, Joe. How fur is this Denmark?

JOE.—Well, it'll be a good deeol of a thousan' mile off, I should think.

NANNY.—A thousand mile off! I'll tell yo what—it's a great way to go a-courtin'! Why he'll no see her aboon once a month!

JOE.—Well, it'll be as mich as th' bargain, I dar say.

ADAM.—I should a thought he met (might) ha' fund a daycent lass nar (nearer) whoam nor that.

JOE.—Aye, aye; but these kings an' queens are aboon porritch, mon! They'n bits o' notions o' their own—like other folk. Besides, they han to get wed amung their own lot—an' they connot leet o'th reet mak (make, sort) at every street-corner.

ADAM.—I guess not.

NANNY.—Has hoo ony brass, thinken yo?

JOE.—Nay, I don't think that hoo's o'er stock't wi' that; but then ho'll ha' plenty o' clooas, an sich like—an' very good fingers, too, I dar say—for hoo comes of a rare breed.

NANNY.—Well, come; that mends it a bit. God bless my life, th' lass 'll be a fortin in hersel'! There's nought like havin' a bit of a trade i' their fingers—th' bailies (bailiffs) connot tak it!

JOE.—Beside, if aught happens him, th' government are for sattlin' thirty thousan' a year on her for life.

NANNY.—Thirty thousand a year! By th' mass, Joseph, *it's better nor bein' in a berrin' club!*

(*Enter the Farmer's Daughter.*)

DAUGHTER.—Faither; th' dinner's ready.

ADAM.—That's th' mak! Come, Joe, gather thi' legs up, and let's buckle to!

A FALSE START.

Thou'rt wrang gated, owd lad.—TUM BEDFLOCK.

(Two country fellows meet upon the high road.)

FIRST.—I say, owd brid; how fur is it fro' here to Bowton?

SECOND.—Well, if thae keeps gooin' th' same road 'at thae'rt gooin' now, *it'll be about four hundred thousan' mile*, but if thae'll turn slap round, *it'll be a mile an' a hauve.*

WHERE ARE WE NOW?

(Doctor and Patient.)

DOCTOR.—Well; what's the matter?

PATIENT.—I've gettin th' tooth-warche (tooth-ache).

DOCTOR.—Ay. How are your bowels?

PATIENT.—Bowels! What han my bowels to do wi' it! *I dont't carry my teeth amung 'em.*

ENOUGH'S AS GOOD AS A FEAST.

(Joel, pushing into the sign of the Red Cat, meets Joe coming out—with a very wry face.)

JOE.—Wheer arto for?

JOEL.—I'm beawn (going) in, a-gettin' a gill.

JOE.—Well, let me come out first!—*I've just had one*—an' I mun find a doctor somewheer!

FORCIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS.

(Enoch, an inquiring member of the Zion Chapel congregation, to Jabez, a local preacher.)

ENOCH.—I've bin thinkin' about th' natur o' miracles. Now, con yo tell me what a miracle is?

JABEZ.—Well, just walk on a bit, till I think it o'er.

(Enoch walks on; and Jabez gives him a tremendous kick, behind.)

ENOCH.—Hello, what's that for?

JABEZ.—Didto feel it?

ENOCH.—Feel it? ay!—I think I *did!*

JABEZ.—*Well,—if thou hadn't felt it—it would ha' bin a miracle.*

UNREGENERATE.

(Graceless listener to screaming street preacher.)

G. L.—Well, if my salvation depends upo' thy skrikin', owd lad—*I'm done for.*

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE MANCHESTER SUMMER ASSIZES.

THE assizes which are drawing to a close have not been remarkable for anything in general, except monotony, or anything in particular, except that the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company have had the pleasure of defending pretty nearly every other action in the civil list. The solicitors of this corporation having distributed their briefs amongst the leading silks, after the manner of a competitive examination, have much equalized the business; so that no two or three counsel have carried it all off. While Mr. Pope and Mr. Holker still run neck and neck in the front rank, Mr. Manisty, Mr. Davison, and Mr. Quain keep very well up too. It is amusing to hear wise vaticinators solemnly proclaim they think they see in Mr. Davison a coming man—considering that Mr. Davison was a come man years ago, who made his fortune and his reputation as a parliamentary counsel long before he took to coming here. Mr. Baron Cleasby, late a member of the Yorkshire branch of the Northern Circuit, visits us for the first time, presiding in the Crown Court. He is not the most brilliant of the judges, and he manages to let off a good many deep-dyed villains. The amount of Lancashire indulged in by the witnesses appears to bother him exceedingly.

THE PRESENT JURY SYSTEM.

An assize never passes without furnishing a fresh example of the iniquitous working of the present system of requiring unanimity on juries. *Lewer* v. *The London and North Western Railway Company* is the last instance. In that case, the plaintiff had to have his two legs amputated, in consequence of injuries received under such circumstances as rendered it extremely questionable whether the defendants were at all in fault. In short, it was a case for heavy damages or none at all. The jury returned a verdict for £400. How they arrived at it is known only to themselves. But it looks uncommonly like as if some of them thought the verdict should have been for the defendant, and the two sections of jurors compromised the matter by the time-honoured custom of splitting the difference. The consequence is, that a gross injustice has been done the one side or the other. If the company did wrong £200 is a pitiful price to put upon a leg. If the company did no wrong, that the jury's sympathies should be gratified at the company's expense is abominable.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ANIMALS.

A correspondent of the *Guardian*, advocating the erection of drinking troughs for animals (other than men) recently alluded to a topic much above the average dignity of topics in the correspondents' column, viz., the mystery of the sufferings endured by animals. There is no reason why men should not be included in the subject; but it was of dumb animals that the writer spoke. The theme is one too seldom treated; one, indeed, which it is impossible to treat, bound down to certain doctrines as to God and His creation. But we should like to point out one thing. It is continually said that the existence of a future state is proved by the necessity of compensation being afforded for the undeserved inflictions often suffered here. It is declared, sometimes from pulpits, that, on this account, there either is a future life, or God is not just. Have the many people who advance this proposition ever thought of its application to dumb animals? We do not use the argument ourselves; but how can those who do refuse a future life to—donkeys, for example? It has often seemed to us that the contemptuous way in which devout believers in a future life for human beings dismiss the very

thought of there being one for other animals, is a striking piece of testimony to the pride and selfishness of man.

THE MAYORS OF MANCHESTER AND SALFORD.

The members of the City Council held a private meeting on Monday, at which it was resolved by a large majority, and afterwards unanimously, to ask Mr. Grave to accept the mayoralty a third time. The other gentlemen named for the office were two ex-mayors, Alderman Curtis and Heywood. From this it would appear that no new man is prepared, at present, to accept the responsibilities of the post. We do not wonder at it. The demands upon the time, and also upon the purse, of a mayor of Manchester now-a-days are becoming most onerous and, we may add, most unjustifiable. We are not referring so much to his strictly official duties in connection with the corporation, which, though heavy enough, are quite legitimate, but to the claims made upon the chief magistrate by the uncountable crowd of charitable, educational, and other public institution and societies. It is not seemly that a rich city like Manchester should allow these costly claims to be borne, unaided, by any individual citizen, however wealthy and willing he may be. In Salford no conjoint action seems to have yet been taken by the members of the corporation, but we understand that Mr. Davies will probably be asked to serve again. Like Mr. Grave in Manchester, Mr. Davies has already been elected to the office twice in succession. The situation in Salford is somewhat exceptional. An Improvement Act, involving negociations and undertakings of a more important and extensive character than any previous local measure, has been passed during the recent parliamentary session; and the execution of its provisions will have to be commenced under the superintendence of a town clerk, who is entirely new to the duties of his office and to the local interests involved. Under these circumstances it has been virtually decided, we believe, to request Mr. Davies to give the borough the benefit of his municipal experience for yet another year.

TRAMWAYS ONCE MORE.

Now, let the hearts rejoice within the breasts of those who have consistently given tramways their bad word. Stockstillness, for a time, has conquered progress. An impracticable public measure has been passed, and all the private ones have been withdrawn. We mean, of course, all those affecting Manchester. Leeds, we see, is in the same plight. These two great towns, accustomed to consider themselves leaders amongst municipalities, share between them the distinction of being the only places of any great importance in the country which consent to be behind the age they live in. The Manchester Town Council has disgraced the city; for it is in consequence of its determined opposition to the tramway movement that it is at present unsuccessful here. It has done for all the private bills affecting Manchester precisely what the House of Lords has done for the public measure—murdered them. Its unwisdom is only equalled by the smug self-satisfaction with which it seems to pride itself upon having done a worthy and commendable deed.

THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—I hope I don't intrude upon your space and patience in asking you, as an authority, a few questions relative to the above-named fashionable place of resort. (1.) Why does the band play from three to six o'clock these blazing hot afternoons; instead of from five to eight, when it would be cooler, and people could enjoy the walk, the talk, and the music with more comfort? (2.) Why are so many children allowed to scream, shout, and scramble round and near the band, to the annoyance both of performers and audience? (3.) Why do so few of the fair sex dress with an eye to colour and regard to good taste? (4.) Why do persons of both sexes make themselves suit the fashion (whatever it may be, eccentric or otherwise) instead of making the fashion suit them. (5.) Why are members of the demi-monde allowed entrance to the Gardens. (6.) Why do men smoke on the lawn, blowing their cigar smoke and ashes in the faces and on the dresses of ladies?—Yours truly,

P. PRY.

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.—Taking shelter from the rain in an umbrella shop.

[STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.]

IN THE GRAND JURY BOX.

IF I had taken an intelligent foreigner—or let us say two intelligent foreigners, Alphonse and Gustav, as befits the present neutral position of Great Britain—into the Crown Court on the opening of the recent Assizes, what would Alphonse and Gustav have seen? Let me try to describe, partly through the eyes of Alphonse and Gustav, and partly through my own, what they would have seen.

On entering the court they would have been surprised to perceive some score of our best reputed public men, with the burly good-looking figure of Mr. Philips, the member for Bury, at their head, standing in two rows in a rather elevated oblong box against the wall of the Crown Court, apparently waiting either to have their photographs taken, or—remembering the character of the place—to be sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. I ascertain for the intelligent foreigners that this is the Grand Jury, or, as the Judge calls it, "the Grand Inquest"—minus Mr. Herford. His lordship does not say minus Mr. Herford, but his happy expression of face sufficiently establishes that fact. Pointing to the Grand Jury photographic group against the wall, I say in a loud threatening voice to Alphonse and Gustav, "you shall neither of you deprive us of our Grand Jury" ("Sie Sollen ihn nicht haben, &c., &c.") But just at this moment a barrister in the well-hole of the Court, very much like the late Rev. John Angell James, of Birmingham, begins to call over the names of the gentlemen of rank and fashion on the Grand Jury. As nearly as I remember he did this three or four times, until several of the jury blushed at having their own names so frequently repeated, whilst the repetition produced a sickening effect upon the public mind. When the names of Mr. John Platt and Mr. Hugh Mason were called there was no response. The barrister in the well-hole having got the Grand Jury under one hat, so to speak, handed them over to a young gentleman of haughty demeanour though in plain clothes, who immediately muttered and grumbled about two minutes length of the English language to them, not one word of which could I understand, though from the hangdog visages of the Grand Jury I should be inclined to think the haughty young gentleman had been calling to their minds, with unexampled rapidity, some unhappy episodes in their several careers.

All this time the learned judge had been sitting in a red heap upon the bench—as if somebody had been banging at him with a bloody bolster—his head covered with the moiety of a hairy beehive, the honeyed contents of which were, no doubt, flowing stickily down his back. He seemed a very amiable old gentleman. Two civilians or laymen, as contra-distinguished from lawyers, stood near him; they looked like day-waiters in a large way of business, and the taller of the two had arrived with the drawing-room poker at his side, fancifully hung with curb chains. They appeared sorry for the Grand Jury when the haughty young gentleman was supposed to be recounting their peccadilloes. I stood at the back of the court, and consequently can only give you my impressions. At this stage of the proceedings a great accession of wealth and obstinacy was made to the Grand Jury by the arrival of Mr. Platt and Mr. Mason, who appeared a little annoyed that her Majesty's representative had not waited for them. They were put into a separate box by themselves, as not having yet had so many coats of paint as their brethren on the upper ledge. The little judge, after a few preliminary fidgets, set his teeth firmly together, and was evidently under weigh with his charge to the grand jury, though I could scarcely hear a word. What with his lordship's hairy beehive, and his white gloves, which were much too big for him, and which gave his judicial fingers the appearance of kid fins, and what with his Geneva bands, which would stick up and get before his nose in disrespectful attempts to tickle it, and what with his efforts to adjust his spectacles on the bridge of his nose, and then letting them drop off through the necessary lubricity of perspiration, and what with trying to be emphatic, and nodding his head, and dislocating his remarks in so doing, I am bound to say that a spectacle less calculated to impress a foreigner with the dignity of the administration of justice could scarcely be conceived. What I mean is, that there was nothing intellectually imposing in the whole affair, and that had it not been for his lordship's red robes, and the javelin men, and the gentleman who had arrived with the drawing-room poker, and the spikes around the dock, upon which the people at the back of the

court expected to see the prisoners impaled like cold liver for feeding hawks, I don't believe that ten men besides the officials would have stayed out the proceedings.

When the charge was over, Mr. Philips, the foreman of the Grand Jury, pointed to Messrs. Platt and Mason, as if something must be done with them, whereupon a consultation occurred between the well-hole and the bench, as to whether the two Grand Jurymen could be permitted to join their brethren. His lordship decided that as they had heard the charge they could serve, and their names were called in due form. Upon which the haughty young gentleman aforesaid, not having had a go at them previously, stole quietly up to the two gentlemen, and repeated rapidly portions of the burial service as aforesaid, but it could not have been according to the forms of the Church of England, or Mr. Mason would have floored him. The two late arrivals, having now got all their coats of paint, retired with their compeers, and the little judge went behind a curtain, and immediately returned, minus the hairy bee-hive, but with an altogether bobbier wig, which gave him the aspect of having had his hair cut in a singularly short space of time by a tonsorial mitrailleuse.

Every time the little judge came into court the ushers all cried "SILENCE!" not, as may be supposed, for the purpose of warning his lordship to hold his noise, but merely as boys in school are told to beware of the usher's arrival. Similarly, whenever his lordship commenced speaking, the ushers all cried "SILENCE!" so that no one could fairly get hold of the opening observations of the learned judge, and this led one to believe, which was no doubt partially true, that he had not got hold of them himself. Whenever he did get hold of any remarks, he stuck to them with his teeth, like a black and tan terrier to a reluctant badger. All this was highly entertaining to Alphonse and Gustav, who said they would like a little beer. We afterwards went into the Nisi Prius Court, about which more in a future paper.

WHAT TO EAT AND HOW TO COOK IT.

A STRAY CHAPTER ON PIES.

IN how great estimation soever pies have been held by the great family of mankind the similes deduced from them have been unworthy of the subject alluded to, or to use an appropriate word, unsavoury. What impious man was he who first compared promises to pie-crust—made to be broken. Unsatisfactory enough it would be were it possible to be "fed with promises," though one hears often of the administering of that windy and innutritious diet, but who shall say the same of that substantial and tangible article pie-crust? Then, again, we hear of a busybody, that he has got a finger in everybody's pie. Nauseous idea! As if we put fingers into our own individual pies, which no one was ever known to do, excepting, perhaps, little Jack Horner, and he "put in his *thumb*," as being more genteel probably than a finger, though it *does* sound awkward when you come to think of it

Whether pies were known to the ancients or not is by no means clear. That old Greek brigand, Procrustes, with his bed, has done good service as an orator's stock simile for this long time, but he had more to do probably with piracy than pastry, and the Pierian spring throws still more cold water on our attempt to find any ancestress of Mrs. Glasse on Mount Olympus.

As we said, in our last paper under this heading, of puddings, that, as a rule, they were boiled, so we may say of pies, but without the exception, that they are baked, or at least ought to be. The ordinary pie of the shops is not properly within our purview, writing as we profess to do, to shed another ray on the domestic hearth of our readers. The veal-pie of commerce, to which we have already referred, is certainly one of the poorest results of the art and mystery of the pastry-cook. The walls of the pie certainly stand, but if Dr. Johnson's definition of a pie—a crust baked with something in it—be correct, then it barely makes good its title to the name. The baker's four-pound loaf in which a wandering cockroach has been adventitiously enclosed, would have nearly an equal right to the name. Our notion of veal as an article of diet is, that by itself it is not to be accounted of. It is not good for veal, any more than man, to be alone, and if we don't have a joint or a cutlet of veal by itself, why must we be condemned to similar meat by itself in a pie? But go into any confectioner's shop; take up a veal pie, costing say threepence, and we don't recommend you to eat it, but—investigate its contents. On the first incision a quantity of greasy warm water runs out, and you have about as much veal as will lie in a teaspoon, with a few odds and ends of skin and gristle, which, whether they are veal or not, certainly serve no useful end. And this is either without seasoning, except salt, of which there is always plenty, or a few grains of sweet pepper or nutmeg, which have about as much business there as a bit of mint or a sprig of parsley. "It's the seasoning as does it," said Sam Weller's piemun, a cockney institution that we hav'nt yet acclimatised in this country. We have got the thing, however, if we hav'nt the man. We have the Melton Mowbray (so-called) pie. In winter we have from that classic seat of the chase massive castings of some cereal nature, enclosing a mass of gray-looking highly-spiced meat of some kind, and we are told it is a pork pie. In the summer, we have a similar kind of thing, in storied paste and monumental crust, only as to the interior rather redder, but similarly seasoned, and this is (said to be) what the Cockneys call veal ,n 'am! "It may be so, I cannot tell," as William of Deloraine, or of somewhere else, said, but the melting pie-maker may have enclosed therein his pig or his calf, or for that matter his ox or his ass or anything that was his, and we will defy anybody to say what that, which has undergone such stewing spicing, seasoning, and gravying, was, while forming part of Cuvier's animal kingdom, and alive, as we say, in the flesh. We have a lively remembrance of being supplied (while executing some humble function not entirely unconnected with election matters at Liverpool), of being supplied we say, and gratis, think of that Master Brooke, with some excellent and curiously wrought veal pies; newly made, of veal, for the most part, with a fine substratum of minced ham, and of a flavour which induced one to wonder if there were again a heaven upon earth, and if the Saturnian kingdoms had indeed resigned their sway. Since then we have been a wanderer upon the face of the earth; roaming from pole to pole in search of a good veal pie.

Pies, rude in construction, not self-sustaining, but requiring some fortifying strength of delph or tin-ware, used to be made of excellent materials. Who, with fast grizzling beard, does not remember the glories of Cockpit Hill? Some years since, when the late Edmund Buckley and a few inconsiderable people of that kind were warehouse lads in and about Cannon Street, they were allowed some ten minutes or so on market days to run out and get their dinner, in which time many of them stormed the fortress of Cockpit Hill, and returned the proud possessors of pies. Meeting thus frequently, they laid their heads together to see if they could lay their pies together, and have one joint an several pie, which should be ready at one particular minute, and be demolished by such as came within ten. The plan was tried, found to answer, and, as years rolled on and the members of the club became men of wealth and leisure, they migrated to some more magnificent hostelry, had their own private cellar of wines, dined, not hastily, every Tuesday, and still kept, nay still keep, their ancient title of "the Scramble." The hard work and sage frugality of those old Manchester worthies gat them much treasure, an , as they waxed fat, they kicked, despised the small doings of their youth, and changed the similitude of their former feasts into that abomination of desolation, a state dinner.

Many a time and oft, in the pushes of the spring or autumn trade, when we have been refused permission by the "head of the room" to rush home at one o'clock, a mile and a quarter on foot to our dinner, to get back by two, we have rushed down "the hill" and got what used to be called "a devilish good dinner for fourpence," but as what's-his-name says, "Vere is dat party now?" The hill or part of it is certainly there, but the pie-house has gone. They no longer kill the Fatted Calf on that sacrificial mount; on the contrary, the fatted calf has been rebuilt, and if any body comes to grief it will be the prodigal son, who will find there a dramshop with an astute landlady and a pretty barmaid or two to administer brewers' ale and cheap sandwiches.

TO A BONNET OF THE PERIOD.—"Though lost to sight to memory dear."

THE GERMAN RHINE SONG.

BY NIKOLAVS BECKER.

It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
Though raven-like she glances
And croaks her foul design.

So long as calmly gliding
It wears its mantle green;
So long as oar dividing
Its mirrored wave is seen,

It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
So long as youth enhances
His fervour with its wine.

So long as, sentry keeping,
The rocks its margin stud;
So long as spires are steeping
Their image in its flood,

It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
So long as festive dances
Its lover groups combine.

So long as angler bringeth
Its lusty trout to shore;
So long as minstrel singeth
Its praise from door to door,

It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
Until its broad expanse is
Its last defender's shrine!

THE FRENCH RHINE SONG.

BY ALFRED DE MUSSET.

[A REPLY TO THE ABOVE.]

Why, we HAVE *had* it, your German Rhine!
It has served to rinse our glasses.
The boasting ballad you think so fine,
Will it heal the scar that passes
Where our charging host spilt German blood like wine!

Yes, we have had it, your German Rhine!
There is a wound that is open ever,
Where Condé in triumph rent the vine-
Green robe of your sacred river.
Shall the son not follow the sire of his conquering line?

Yes, we have had it, your German Rhine!
What availed your German virtue
When the Cæsar of France, that soul divine,
With his eagle talons hurt you?
Where fell the bones of the men whose loss ye pine?

Yes, we have had it, your German Rhine!
If you quite forget your history,
Your girls remember—their eyes would shine;
Of their glee they made no mystery,
As they brimmed our goblets with your weak white wine.

If it is yours, this German Rhine,
Why, lave your livery in it;
But don't keep up such a boastful whine!
In our eagle's fatal minute
Your myriad ravens peck'd at his sunny eyne!

Let it peacefully flow, your gentle Rhine!
Reflecting tower and steeple—
But keep within modesty's line
The yell of your frantic people,
Lest you wake our mighty dead from their rest divine.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART.—The annual exhibition of the French Photographic Society, at Paris, is this year more than usually varied and attractive. It is international in scope and character, and contains upwards of eleven hundred pictures. A correspondent of the *Photographic News* speaks highly of the work exhibited by Mr. Warwick Brookes, of Manchester, a son of the well-known artist, and states that as a portraitist "he certainly stands next to Blanchard among English exhibitors."

AN AMERICAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF MANCHESTER.

AS we write the title we feel that it is somewhat inappropriate, for Nathaniel Hawthorne—the most unique genius that America has produced—was not a typical American. "When he was appointed to the Consulate at Liverpool," says Mr. Moncure D. Conway, "those who knew him doubly congratulated themselves that the English would not only know that America contained other representatives than the Hon. Mr. Pogram, but those who fancied the Anglo-Saxon physique was declining in the New World would have before them a notable instance to the contrary. Yet a shrewd Englishman who had seen him, as I first did, under the ancient trees, and amid the shadows haunting the gray mansion of a bye-gone era, might have replied:—This is hardly the type of the New England man of to-day: his form refers to the period about which his genius perpetually hovers, the period when unmodified English people were laying in America the foundations on which other races were to build." If in person and culture he differed from the ordinary American, he differed no less morally and intellectually. He was a man, says the same writer, whose nerves were without integument, and terribly exposed to all kinds of impressions without. He shrank from unfamiliar persons. Emerson carries the portraiture still further, if indeed it be true that the sketch with which he opens *Society* and *Solitude* was intended for Nathaniel Hawthorne. "He declared that he could not get enough alone to write a letter to a friend. He left the city: he hid himself in pastures. When he bought a house, the first thing he did was to plant trees. He could not enough conceal himself. He would have given his soul for the ring of Gyges." Nevertheless, although Hawthorne was not the type of the American as we and all the world know him, we will let our title stand, for the interest of his record about Manchester, as of other parts of England, partly consists in its being the impression of an American, though its undefinable and superior and irresistible fascinations are far more due to the fact that the impressions are those of a man of genius.

Hawthorne was American Consul at Liverpool from 1853 to 1857. During that period he visited every part of England and Scotland, showing quite a passion for the more ancient towns and cities, such as York, Chester, Shrewsbury, and Oxford and for cathedrals and ruined abbeys, many of which he returned to again and again with ever-increasing interest and admiration. He appears to have paid three visits to Manchester—twice for a day each time, and, on the third occasion, for some weeks, at the time of the holding of the Art Treasures Exhibition. His earliest impression of the city, and his latest, were alike unfavourable. Writing on May 24th, 1856 (*Passages from the English Note Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne*), the day of his first journey, he says: "I had never visited Manchester before, though now so long a resident within thirty miles of it; neither is it particularly worth visiting, unless for the sake of its factories, which I did not go to see. It is a dingy and heavy town, with very much the aspect of Liverpool, being, like the latter, built almost entirely within the present century." On his second visit, he merely gave a brief glance at the cathedral, where he saw half a dozen couples married at once; but on the third he remained nearly two months. For the greater portion of the time he was engaged in a pretty constant inspection of the Art Treasures Exhibition, the beauties of which he was long in appreciating, and his notes have reference mainly to the pictures and other works in that renowned collection. From the remaining portions we extract the following passages of more general interest:—

OLD TRAFFORD.

We left Southport for good on the 20th (July), and have established ourselves in this place, in lodgings that have been provided for us by Mr. Swain, our principal object being to spend a few weeks in the proximity of the Arts' Exhibition. We are here, about three miles from the Victoria Railway Station in Manchester on one side, and nearly a mile from the Exhibition on the other. This is a suburb of Manchester, and consists of a long street, called the Stretford Road, bordered with brick houses, two stories high, such as are usually the dwellings of tradesmen or respectable mechanics, but which are now in demand for lodgings, at high prices, on account of the Exhibition. It

seems to be rather a new precinct of the city, and the houses, though ranged along a continuous street, are but a brick border of the green fields in the rear. Occasionally you get a glimpse of this country aspect between two houses; but the street itself, even with its little grass plots and bits of shrubbery under the front windows, is as ugly as it can be made. Some of the houses are better than I have described; but the brick used here in building is very unsightly in hue and surface. Betimes in the morning, the Exhibition omnibuses begin to trundle along, and pass at intervals of two and a half minutes through the day—immense vehicles, constructed to carry thirty-nine passengers, and generally with a good part of that number inside and out. The omnibuses are painted scarlet, bordered with white, have three horses abreast, and a conductor in a red coat. They perform the journey from this point into town in about half an hour; and yesterday morning, being in a hurry to get to the railway station, I found that I could out-walk them, taking into account their frequent stoppages.

LODGINGS AND HOUSES IN MANCHESTER.

We have taken the whole house (except some inscrutable holes in which the family creep) of respectable people, who never took lodgers until this juncture. Their furniture, however, is of the true lodging-house pattern—sofas and chairs, which have no possibility of repose in them; ricketty tables; an old piano and old music. It is very strange how nothing but a genuine home can ever look homelike. They appear to be good people; a little girl of twelve, a daughter, waits on table; and there is an elder daughter, who yesterday answered the door-bell, looking very like a young lady, besides five or six smaller children, who make less uproar of grief or merriment than could possibly be expected. The husband is not apparent, though I see his hat in the hall. The house is new, and has a trim, light-coloured interior of half-gentility. I suppose the rent, in ordinary times, might be £25 per annum; but we pay at the rate of £338 for the part which we occupy. This, like all the other houses in the neighbourhood, was evidently built to be sold or let; the builder never thought of living in it himself, and so that subtle element, which could have enabled him to create a home, was entirely left out.

Chorlton Road, August 9th.—We have changed our lodgings, those at Old Trafford being inconvenient, and the landlady a sharp, peremptory housewife, better fitted to deal with her own family than to be complaisant to guests. We are now a little further off from the Exhibition, and not much better off as regards accommodation, but the housekeeper is a pleasant, civil sort of a woman, auspiciously named Mrs. Honey. The house is a specimen of the poorer middle-class dwellings as built now-a-days—narrow staircase, thin walls, and, being constructed for sale, very ill put together indeed—the floor with wide cracks between the boards, and wide crevices admitting both air and light over the doors, so that the house is full of draughts. The outer walls, it seems to me, are but of one brick in thickness, and the partition walls certainly no thicker; and the movements, and sometimes the voices, of people in the contiguous houses are audible to us. The Exhibition has temporarily so raised the value of lodgings here that we have to pay a high price for even such a house as this.

A WEDDING AT THE CATHEDRAL.

Passing by the gateway of the Manchester Cathedral the other morning, I found a crowd collected, and, high overhead, the bells were chiming for a wedding. These chimes of bells are exceedingly impressive, so broadly gladsome as they are, filling the whole air and every nook of one's heart with sympathy. They are good for a people to rejoice with, and good also for a marriage, because through all their joy there is something solemn—a tone of that voice which we have heard so often at funerals. It is good to see how everybody, up to this old age of the world, takes an interest in weddings, and seems to have a faith that now, at last, a couple have come together to make each other happy. The high, black, rough old cathedral tower sent out its chime of bells as earnestly as for any bridegroom and bride that came to be married five hundred years ago. I went into the churchyard, but there was such a throng of people on its pavement of flat tombstones, and especially such a cluster along the pathway by which the bride was to depart, that I could only see a white dress waving along, and do not really know whether she was a beauty or a fright. The happy pair got into a post-chaise that was waiting at the gate, and immediately drew some crimson curtains, and so vanished into their Paradise. There were two other post-chaises and pairs, and all three had postilions in scarlet. This is the same cathedral where, last May, I saw a dozen couples married in a lump.

EXHIBITION VISITORS: THE MANCHESTER PEOPLE.

The price of admission, after two o'clock, being sixpence, the Exhibition was thronged with a class of people who do not usually come in such large numbers. It was both pleasant and touching to see how earnestly some of them sought to get instruction from what they beheld. The English are a good and simple people, and take life in earnest.

Speaking of the former rudeness of manners, now gradually refining away, of the Manchester people, Judge ——— said that, when he first knew Manchester, women, meeting his wife in the street, would take hold of her dress and say, "Ah, three-and-sixpence a yard!" The men were very rough, after the old Lancashire fashion. They have always, however, been a musical people, and this may have been a germ of refinement in them. They are still much more simple and natural than the Liverpool people, who love the aristocracy, and whom they heartily despise. It is singular that the great Art Exhibition should have come to pass in the rudest great town in England.

THE FINAL IMPRESSION OF MANCHESTER.

We had (September 10th) become quite weary of our small, mean, uncomfortable, and unbeautiful lodgings at Chorlton Road, with poor and scanty furniture within doors, and no better prospect from the parlour windows than a mud puddle, larger than most English lakes, on a vacant building-lot opposite our house. The Exhibition, too, was fast becoming a bore, for you must really love a picture in order to tolerate a sight of it many times. Moreover, the smoky and sooty air of that abominable Manchester affected my wife's throat disadvantageously; so, on a Tuesday morning, we struck our tent, and set forth again, regretting to leave nothing except the kind disposition of Mrs. Honey, our housekeeper. I do not remember meeting with any other lodging-house keeper who did not grow hateful and fearful on short acquaintance; but I attribute this, not so much to the people themselves, as, primarily, to the unfair and ungenerous conduct of some of their English guests, who feel so sure of being cheated that they always behave as if in an enemy's country, and therefore find it one. We all were tired and dull by the time we reached Leamington. Lansdowne Circus is really delightful after that ugly and grimy suburb of Manchester. Indeed, there could not possibly be a greater contrast than between Leamington and Manchester—the latter built only for dirty uses, and scarcely intended as a habitation for man; the former so cleanly, so set out with shade-trees, so regular in its streets, so neatly paved, its houses so prettily contrived and nicely stuccoed, that it does not look like a portion of the work-a-day world.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.

(On this occasion only.)

THE ARTFUL DODGER.

Principal characters by Napoleon III., Benedetti, &c.

After which

THE TABLES TURNED;

Supported by Bismark, Frederick William, Von Moltke, &c.

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND;

An interlude, by John Bull.

To conclude with

THE SETTLING DAY.

Characters by the whole strength of the company.

MR. COMPTON.—Mr. Compton has been playing Dogberry, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, at the Prince's Theatre this week. He is announced to appear on Monday in *Handsome is that Handsome Does;* a comedy written expressly for him by Mr. Tom Taylor, and to be produced here for the first time on any stage. With this play Mr. Compton will commence an engagement at the Olympic Theatre, London, on the conclusion of his Manchester engagement.

The Jewel Sewing Machine, £5 10s. European Sewing Machine, 6½ Guineas. 128, Portland St.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY
AT
MATLOCK.

EVERY SATURDAY until OCTOBER 29th, RETURN TICKETS, at the following low Fares, will be issued from the undermentioned Stations to MATLOCK BATH, by the Midland Company's route, by any of the Ordinary Trains on Saturday, available for Return by any Train up to the following Monday Evening.

STATIONS.	FARES. 1st Class.	2nd Class
	s. d.	s. d.
MANCHESTER	9 6	7 0
GUIDE BRIDGE	9 0	6 6
STOCKPORT (Teviot Dale Station)	8 6	6 0

In Manchester, Tickets will be issued at Cook's Excursion Office, 43, Piccadilly; and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.

JAMES ALLPORT,
Derby, May 21, 1870. General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY.
AT
BUXTON.

EVERY SATURDAY until OCTOBER 29th, 1870, RETURN TICKETS at the following low Fares will be issued from the undermentioned Stations to BUXTON by any of the Ordinary Trains, available for Return by any Train up to the following Monday Evening.

	1st Cls.	2nd Cls.
	s. d.	s. d.
MANCHESTER	6 0	4 6
STOCKPORT (Teviot Dale)	5 0	3 6
STALYBRIDGE	5 0	3 6
GUIDE BRIDGE	5 0	3 6

In MANCHESTER, Tickets are issued at Cook's Excursion Office, 43, Piccadilly, and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.

JAMES ALLPORT,
Derby, June, 1870. General Manager.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.—SUNDAY AT THE SEA-SIDE. On Sunday, 21st August, A CHEAP TRAIN TO GRIMSBY AND CLEETHORPES (High water at Grimsby at 1-0 p m.) will run as under;—

STATIONS.	Time a m.
Manchester ..... Dep	6 0
Ardwick ..... ,,	6 4
Stalybridge ..... ,,	6 0
Ashton ..... ,,	6 5
Dunkinfield .... ,,	6 8
Oldham (Clegg Street) ,,	6 0
Park Bridge ..... ,,	6 5
Guide Bridge ..... ,,	6 10
Newton ..... ,,	6 24
Stockport (Teviot Dale) ,,	6 10
Woodley ..... ,,	6 18
Godley ..... ,,	6 30
Dunford ..... ,,	7 7
Grimsby ..... arr.	10 15
Cleethorpes ..... ,,	10 30

Fares to Grimsby or Cleethorpes and back. 1st class 6s.; covered carriages, 2s. 6d.

Returning from Cleethorpes at 6-15 p.m., and from Grimsby Passenger Station at 6-30 p.m. the same day.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.

London Road Station, Manchester, August, 1870.

PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

Proprietors: The Prince's Theatre Co. Limited.

LAST WEEK OF MR. COMPTON!

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY,

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING!

Dogberry ..... Mr. COMPTON.
Benedick ..... Mr. F. BELTON.
Beatrice ..... Mrs. CHAS. CALVERT.

Concluding with FAMILY JARS.

Delph ..... Mr. COMPTON.

On MONDAY Next, August 15th, will be produced the New Comedy,

HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES,

Written by TOM TAYLOR expressly for Mr. COMPTON.

With New Scenery and Effects by HAWES, CRAVEN, and O'CONNELL.

Box Office open daily from Eleven to Two.

ROYAL POMONA PALACE
AND
GARDENS.
BAND

Every Monday, Wednesday & Saturday.

ADMISSION SIXPENCE,
NO EXTRA CHARGE.

ALEXANDRA HALL,

PETER STREET, MANCHESTER.

SOLE LESSEES....J. & W. S. BOOTH.

IMMENSE SUCCESS OF

GEORGE LEYBOURNE,

THE ROYAL COMEDIAN AND VOCALIST;
Also of

"THE SIGH OF THE SEA WEED."

The most Beautiful Ballet ever produced in Manchester.

EXTRAORDINARY COMBINATION OF TALENT FOR NEXT WEEK,

When, in addition to the foregoing, the

RANDALLS,

The most Popular Duettists on the Music Hall Stage, and numerous other Artistes, will appear.

Doors open at 7-30, commence at 8. Saturdays, half an hour earlier.

Admission:—Body of Hall, 1s.; Galleries, 6d.

J. Mc. CAMBRIDGE, General Manager

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,

BELLE VUE,

FORTY ACRES IN EXTENT,

NOW OPEN, with Great Daylight View of QUEBEC, Painted by those eminent artists, Messrs. Danson and Son, of London.

Extensive Collection of Living Animals and Birds.

ELEPHANTS, LION and LIONESS, with CUBS bred in the Menagerie. Conservatories, Museum, Maze, Pleasure Boats and Steamers, &c.

Belle Vue Military Band every day from Three.

STORMING OF QUEBEC, amidst Gorgeous FIREWORKS, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at Dusk.

ADMISSION SIXPENCE;

After Four on Mondays and Wednesdays, 1s; Saturdays 1s. after Five.

EDUCATIONAL WORKS
OF
DR. CORNWELL, F.R.G.S.

SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY. 46th Edition. 3s. 6d.; or with Thirty Maps on Steel, 5s. 6d.

SCHOOL ATLAS. 2s. 6d. Plain; 4s. Coloured.

GEOGRAPHY FOR BEGINNERS. 29th Edition. 1s.; or with 48 pp. of Questions, 1s. 4d. Questions alone, 6d.

MAP BOOK FOR BEGINNERS. Maps (above 70) large and small, 1s. 6d.; 2s. 6d. Coloured.

BOOK OF BLANK MAPS. 1s.

BOOK OF MAP PROJECTIONS. 1s.

GRAMMAR FOR BEGINNERS. 55th Edition. 1s. Cloth; 9d. Sewed.

THE YOUNG COMPOSER. 32nd Edition. 1s. 6d. KEY, 3s.

THE SCIENCE OF ARITHMETIC. A Systematic Course of Numerical Reasoning and Computation. By JAMES CORNWELL, Ph. Dr., and J. G. FITCH, M.A. 12th Edition. 4s. 6d.

SCHOOL ARITHMETIC. 10th Edition. 1s. 6d. Key, 4s. 6d.

ALLEN AND CORNWELL'S SCHOOL GRAMMAR. 44th Edition. 1s. 9d. cloth.

☞ In both Arithmetics the "Decimal System" is explained, and numerous questions are proposed to be solved by the Decimal Method. In the Science of Arithmetic (pp. 328, *et seq.*) is an explanation of the "Metric System."

JUST ADDED TO THE SERIES:—

I. SPELLING FOR BEGINNERS; a Method of Teaching Spelling and Reading at the same time.
II. EASY ENGLISH POETRY; a First Book of Selected Poems for Children.

London: Simpkin & Co.; Hamilton & Co.; Whittaker & Co. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. Manchester: John Heywood, 141 and 143. Deansgate.

All Dunkerley and Franks' Umbrellas Are made on FOX'S Celebrated FRAMES. Being large Producers, *Dunkerley & Franks* are enabled to offer them at astonishingly Low Prices.
7 SWAN STREET NEW CROSS, MANCHESTER.

THE PUBLIC
MAY ALWAYS DEPEND ON GETTING
GOOD TEA at MODERATE PRICES,
AT OUR TEA ESTABLISHMENTS
AT THE CORNER OF OLDHAM-ST. AND SWAN-ST.,
AND AT 53, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER,
AS UNDER:—
Our Tea at 2s. per lb. is giving great satisfaction.
The Tea at half-a-crown is quite a favourite.
The popular Tea for heavy consumption is the one at 3s.
Those Teas at 3s. 4d & 3s. 6d. are very fine flavoured.
Our best Black Tea at 4s. is specially selected for our trade.

WM. SATTERTHWAITE,
TEA MERCHANT.

SEASIDE COSTUMES. — The new FRENCH LAWNS, ALPACAS, &c.
KENDAL, MILNE, & CO.,
Deansgate and Police Street.

DAWSON & CO.,
7A, NICHOLAS CROFT, & 3A, TURNER STREET,
HIGH STREET,
FENT MERCHANTS AND GENERAL WAREHOUSEMEN.
CHEAP GREYS, WHITES, STUFFS, FLANNEL BLANKETS, FENTS, PATCHWORK, &c.
Agents Also for W. SELLERS & Co.'s
Improved Wheeler and Wilson's
SILENT SEWING MACHINES,
from £5. 15s. and upwards.
These machines have taken prizes at several Exhibitions, both home and foreign.

R. COWLEY-SQUIER, 24, Cross-street, will be happy to forward selections of New and Popular Music on approval—carriage free within ten miles. A well-assorted stock of Classical Music, as well as of the most Popular Music of the day. Litolffs and Peters' cheap works. Beethoven's 38 Sonatas for Pianoforte, 4s. 6d.; Mozart's, do. 3s.; Schubert's, do 3s.; Haydn's, do 1s 6d., &c., &c. Fifty different Operas for piano solo, 1s. each.
R. COWLEY-SQUIER, 24, Cross street.

MANCHESTER SWIMMING SCHOOLS,
BARRACK STREET, HULME,
NOW OPEN.—Admission 6d. and 2d.

MURGATROYD,
HATTER,
198, DEANSGATE.
STYLES GOOD.
QUALITY BEST.
PRICES REASONABLE.

BROWN'S COTTON GLANCE.—At the urgent solicitation of spinners and others, the Author of the above Glance has consented to publish it every Monday, provided he meets with sufficient encouragement.—Terms: Two-and-a-half guineas per annum, postage included; payable half-yearly in advance. W. L. BROWN.
27, Fitzclarence St, Liverpool, July, 1870.

MR. CHARLES J. BROWN,
AUCTIONEER AND VALUER,
ST. JAMES'S CHAMBERS,
South King Street, Manchester.
Traced Copies of Drawings and Plans made Cheaply and Quickly.

BETTER THAN EVER.—New Season CHINESE MIXED TEA, possessing double the strength and flavour of any other kind, containing Chinese weight; 18oz. packages, 3s. 6d.
S. JONES & CO., Importers of Teas,
2, ESSEX STREET, KING STREET.

WILLIAM BATEMAN,
FASHIONABLE MOURNING ESTABLISHMENT, 40, OLDHAM STREET, MANCHESTER.

FAMILY MOURNING. BLACK Made-up DRESSES, in Rich Guaranteed Silks. A New and Most Fashionable Assortment.

FAMILY MOURNING. BLACK Made-up DRESSES, in the Untearable Wire-ground Grenadines, and other thin Materials for summer wear.

FAMILY MOURNING. BLACK Made-up DRESSES, in Paramattas, Victoria Cords, Crape Cloths, and Barathea, handsomely trimmed with crape.

FAMILY MOURNING. DRESSMAKING.—Ladies requiring Mourning Attire for immediate wear can have their dresses completed in a few hours.

WILLIAM BATEMAN,
GENERAL MOURNING AND FUNERAL FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT,
40, OLDHAM STREET, MANCHESTER.

THE QUEEN'S
BUILDING AND INVESTMENT
SOCIETY.
Head Offices: 95, Bridge-st., Manchester.
Annual Income nearly £400,000. Amounts received at five per cent interest.
Amounts not exceeding £50 repaid upon demand.
Advances promptly made upon Freehold and Leasehold securities.
Reports, Prospectuses, &c., upon application at the Offices.

WOXLEY'S CROCHET COTTON. Colour good, quality excellent, price reasonable.

WOXLEY'S SUPER MENDINGS, in Angola, Cashmere, Cotton, Silk, on cards and reels.

WOXLEY'S KNITTING COTTON, Bleached and Unbleached.—14, Edge Street, Manchester.

WOXLEY, 14, EDGE STREET, Oak Street. Removed from 62, Tib Street.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT
AND PILLS.
MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.—Diarrhœa, dysentry, and cholera are, through the summer's heat, carrying off the young as the winter's cold destroyed the aged. In the most acute cases, where internal medicines cannot be retained, the greatest relief will immediately result from rubbing Holloway's soothing Ointment over the abdomen. The friction should be frequent and brisk, to insure the free penetration of the unguent. This will calm the excited peristaltic action, and sooth the pain. Both vomiting and griping yield to it; when fruits or vegetables have originated the malady it is proper to cleanse the bowels by a moderate dose of Holloway's Pills before using the Ointment.

ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF PRICES, POST FREE.
OWEN'S
PERAMBULATORS, 80 justly celebrated for their superior make and great durability, are 20 per cent cheaper than any house in the trade. Prices, 15s. 6d., 18s. 6d., 22s., 30s., 35s., and 42s.

OWEN'S
PERAMBULATORS, of hard wood, upholstered in best rep or cloth, with the Prize Medal Sun Shade, as patronised by Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, the Empress of Austria, Emperor of France, and the principal Nobility of Europe.

OWEN'S
PRIZE MEDAL CROQUET, 15s., 18s. 6d., 21s., 25s., and 30s. Carriage free to any railway station on receipt of Post-office order. Archery, Cricket, and Out-door Games. Descriptive Price List Free.

OWEN'S
PRESENTS for all occasions: Workboxes, Desks, Dressing Cases, Albums, Inkstands, Work Companions, Pearl and Musical Albums, Bags, &c.
SHOWROOMS FOR WEDDING PRESENTS AND PRESENTATION ARTICLES.
1, OLDHAM STREET, and 80, DEANSGATE.
Established 45 Years.

FOREIGN AND BRITISH SILKS. Beautiful Shades in COLOURS and Rich Lustre in BLACK SILKS, of good value and guaranteed durability.
RICHARD BATEMAN, Britannia House, 18 and 20, OLDHAM STREET and DALE STREET.

Wedding Breakfasts,
BALL SUPPERS, and DINNERS Supplied by
MESSRS. PARKER AND SON, ST. MARY'S GATE,
In the most fashionable style, on moderate terms, including the hire of plate, china, glass, &c. An elegant assortment of Bridecakes always ready. Bills of fare for any number, with prices, sent post free.

HELL AND ITS TORMENTS, AS DESCRIBED BY EYE-WITNESSES, &c. By T. R. Price 9d. Cloth gilt 1s. 3d. A most Extraordinary Book. London: Geo. J. Stephenson. Manchester: John Heywood. And all Booksellers.

THE SILENT LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE.
Unrivalled for Family Use.
Noiseless in Movement; Easy in Management.
KENDAL, MILNE, & CO.,
Deansgate, Police-st., and St. Ann's-st., Manchester.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 141 and 143, Deansgate, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

All communications relative to Advertisements must be addressed, and Post Office Orders made payable to, "MR. THOMAS POWELL, 55, Thompson Street, Shakespere Street, Ardwick Manchester," who is sole contractor for the Advertising space.

Printed and Published for the Proprietors by JOHN HEYWOOD, of The Grange, Derbyshire Lane, Stretford, at the "Excelsior" Works, 141 and 143, Deansgate, Manchester.—Saturday, August 13, 1870.

J. C. EDWARDS, Tobacconist, &c., Manufacturer of the Piccadilly Smoking Mixture. Importer of Foreign Cigars Meerschaum and Briar Root Pipes. 107, PICCADILLY.